

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

History of the Commonwealth of England, from the Commencement to the Restoration of Charles the Second. By WILLIAM GODWIN. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 496. London, 1824.

Of all the writers of the present day, there is not one, perhaps, so well able to do justice to that important period of English history, from the year 1610 to 1660, as William Godwin, whose inflexible integrity is the best security for the fidelity of his narrative, and whose philosophic mind, by taking an expansive view of men and events, can best appreciate their importance. It is in the latter point of view that all the biographers of Cromwell have fallen short. It is true, we have had several memoirs of this extraordinary individual, from that of Noble to the French biographer Villemain, and all the events of his life have been carefully enough enumerated. Mr. Godwin does not stop here: he has selected an era of English history which has hitherto been inadequately treated, and he discusses it politically and philosophically. In the preface, Mr. Godwin observes, that 'the men who figured during the interregnum were immediately after the restoration spoken of with horror, and their memoirs were composed after the manner of the Newgate Calendar. What was begun from party rage has been continued from indolence.' His object, he says,—is to restore the just tone of historical relation on the subject, to attend to the neglected, to remember the forgotten, and to distribute an impartial award on all that was planned and achieved during this eventful period.' Mr. Godwin then, with manly candour, states the plan of his work; and as it is desirable that the author's views should be well understood, we quote the following explanation of them from his preface:—

'The book I here publish is the production of my mature life; and I wish the principle upon which it is formed to be thoroughly understood. It relates to a great and interesting topic, a series of transactions perhaps not to be surpassed in importance by any thing that has occurred on the theatre of the world. I have no desire to be thought to look upon such transactions with indifference. I have no desire to be regarded as having no sentiments or emotions, when any thing singularly good or singularly evil passes under my review. I wish to be considered as feeling as well as thinking. If to treat good and evil as things

having no essential difference be impartiality, such impartiality I disavow.

'I will inform my readers what impartiality I aim at, and consider as commendable. Its essence consists in a fair and severe examination of evidence, and the not suffering any respect of persons or approbation of a cause to lead the writer to misapprehend or misrepresent the nature of facts. If I have failed in this, I desire to be considered as guilty of a breach of the genuine duties of an historian; or, to speak in plainer terms, of what I owe to my own character, and to the best interests of the human race. If I have not failed in this, I claim to obtain a verdict of not guilty. I have endeavoured to write with sobriety and a collected mind. I have endeavoured to guard myself against mere declamation, and that form of language in which passion prevails to the obscuring of judgment. I have spoken no otherwise of men and things than I should wish to speak in the presence of an omniscient judge. I have been anxious to pronounce on all in the atmosphere of a true discrimination, and in the temper of an honest and undebauched sense of moral right.

'It is at this time almost universally granted, and will more fully appear in the following pages, that the opponents of Charles the First fought for liberty, and that they had no alternative. I proceed upon these two positions. Let them be granted me; and I fear no charge of false colouring in what follows.'

The author says he has not neglected any accessible means of information; this we readily believe: his most copious source of information was the parliamentary journals, which were not printed when Hume and our most considerable historians wrote.

In an introductory chapter, Mr. Godwin takes a view of the state of parties in the early part of the reign of Charles I. in which he makes no concealment of his attachment to a republican government in the abstract: he says—'the admission of one man, either hereditary or for life only, into the place of chief of a country, is an evidence of the infirmity of man;' and further, 'that human infirmity may render the existence of the office advantageous to general interest; but that it does so is a reflection calculated to humble our vanity.' These may be considered strong, and by some questionable, assertions, but Mr. Godwin is prepared to vindicate them, as well as the Republican or Commonwealth's men, many of whom he says were 'men of liberal minds and bountifully endowed with the treasures of intel-

lect.' Coke, Selden, Hampden, and Pym, the founders of the Commonwealth, are honoured with a more detailed notice, and their characters are ably drawn. He says,—'the liberties of Englishmen are, perhaps, to no man so deeply indebted as to Sir Edward Coke.' Of Selden he quotes the character given him by Clarendon, as 'a person whom no character can flatter, or transmit in any expressions equal to his merit and virtue.' Of Pym, Mr. Godwin observes, that—'it seems enough to say, that he divided with Hampden the cares of conducting, on this memorable occasion, the cause of the people of England, and that neither appeared in the Parliamentary proceedings to be before or after the other.' Of Hampden himself, he gives the following portrait:—

'John Hampden was one of the most extraordinary men in the records of mankind. The first thing related of him does not tend to impress us with so high an idea of the rank of his mind, as must be excited in every impartial observer by his subsequent conduct. In the summer of 1637 he embarked, with Pym, Cromwell, Sir Arthur Haselrig, and one or two more of the patriots of the day, with the intention of spending the remainder of his life in New England. A much inferior degree of discernment to that which he afterwards displayed, ought to have shown him, that the posture of affairs at home was rapidly advancing to that condition which the constitution of his mind most peculiarly fitted him to grapple with. It is indeed seldom that it can be the duty of a good citizen to go into voluntary banishment from his country.

'The government of King Charles, however, interfered in the form of an embargo, and prevented the execution of his purpose. Hampden immediately chose his part. From this moment he dismissed the thought of a solitary and retired existence, and became a citizen after the purest model. He was, in point of family and property, one of the first men in his country; but, till now, he had been but little known out of that narrow circle. Of all the grievances of which the people at this time complained, that which produced the most striking effect was the arbitrary imposition of ship-money. Hampden's estate was assessed to this tax in the amount of twenty shillings. He refused to pay the sum demanded; and, accordingly, the question came to be solemnly argued before the judges of England. The argument occupied a space of twelve days; and a decision was finally given against Hampden, eight of the judges pronouncing for the crown, and four against it. But, as

Clarendon observes, "the judgment that was given against him infinitely more advanced him, than it did the service for which it was given. He was rather of reputation in his own country, than of public discourse or fame in the kingdom, before the business of ship-money: but then he grew the argument of all tongues, every man inquiring who and what he was, that durst," at the risk of the vengeance of a court distinguished for its unrelenting and vindictive character, "support the liberty and property of the kingdom."

"Yet all this was nothing, if he had not possessed qualities the most singularly adapted to the arduous situation in which he stood. He possessed judgment; all men came to learn from him, and it could not be discerned that he learned from any one. He was modest; he was free from the least taint of overbearing and arrogance; he commonly spoke last, and what he said was of such a nature that it could not be mended. He won the confidence of all; and every man trusted him. His courage was of the firmest sort, equally consummate in council and the field. All men's eyes were fixed upon him; he was popular and agreeable in all the intercourses of life; he was endowed with a most discerning spirit, and the greatest insinuation and address to bring about whatever he desired. What crowned the rest, was the prevailing opinion of him as a just man, and that "his affections seemed to be so publicly guided, that no corrupt and private ends could bias them." He was, as Clarendon observes, "possessed with the most absolute spirit of popularity, and the most absolute faculties to govern the people, of any man I ever knew." Indeed, all the above features of character are extracted from the noble historian, being only separated from the tinge of party and the personal animosity which misguided his pen.

"When the Long Parliament met, in November, 1640, every one looked to him as "their *patriæ pater*, and the pilot that must steer the vessel through the tempests and rocks which threatened it." The firm and decisive proceedings, indeed, with which that assembly commenced, afford no equivocal testimony to the genius by which they must have been directed. Soon after its meeting, Strafford and Laud were committed by it to prison, and several of the king's other ministers fled. A negotiation was then opened for an agreement between the contending parties, and Charles entertained a proposition for appointing Pym chancellor of the Exchequer, Hampden tutor to the Prince of Wales, and the other popular leaders to the principal offices of government. This negotiation failed. It would be an inquiry rather curious than useful, to settle what sort of character Charles the Second, who was now little more than ten years of age, would have been, if the cares of Hampden had been directed to the unfolding and guiding his dispositions. The nomination, however, may tend to instruct us in the sentiments of the great English patriot; he seems to have

preferred the task of forming a future king, to the more immediate exercise of any of the great functions of government.

"Meanwhile, the unhappy and misjudging sovereign dismissed the thought of moderate measures, and proceeded in that rash course which led to his final catastrophe. The most ill-advised of all his actions was his accusing and demanding the five members, with Hampden at their head, to be delivered up to him by the House of Commons in the fulness of its popularity and power. From this moment, as Clarendon says, the temper of the man seemed to be "much altered;" he saw what he had to expect, and what sort of an enemy he had to deal with; and he chose his part with the same characteristic firmness and decision which he had displayed when, four or five years before, he was interrupted in his intended voyage to New England."

Again, after noticing Hampden's death, on the 24th of June, from a wound he received six days before in an obscure skirmish, brought on by the misconduct of his general and the treachery of Hurry, one of his companions in war, Mr. Godwin says:—

"The minutest circumstances which belong to such an event have been found to be interesting. One of the prisoners taken by Rupert made the first report of it to his captors. He said, that he saw Hampden ride off the field while the action was still going on, a thing he had never done before, with his head hanging down, and his hands resting on the neck of his horse, from which circumstances the relater confidently inferred that he was wounded."

"It is of much importance to the history of these times to be acquainted with every particular which can be ascertained of the character of this memorable man. The most invaluable hints are to be derived from the contemporary historian, who had so many opportunities of knowing him. Clarendon describes him as what he calls "one of the root-and-branch men," and classes him in that respect with Fiennes and Sir Henry Vane; adding, at the same time, "Mr. Pym was not of that mind, nor Mr. Hollis." This has been usually interpreted to mean an entire hostility to the episcopal order; but it may extend something further. The peculiar animosity of the historian to Hampden is no equivocal indication. He says, "without question, when he first drew the sword, he threw away the scabbard," and probably the dissimulation he is so eager to impute to this distinguished patriot has no other meaning. Lord Falkland, he affirms, was led on in all the early proceedings of the Long Parliament by "the great opinion he entertained of the uprightness and integrity of Hampden," and such at the time we may presume to have been the judgment of Clarendon. It was only when the great leader conceived certain things to be necessary to the welfare of his country in which these men were not prepared to co-operate with him, that the historian changed his style of speaking respecting him. Meanwhile, it may be accounted fortunate that Hampden's great plans did not die with

him. He left behind him successors, one of them equal to himself, but who had sat under his instructions, who had studied in his school, and who were in this respect worthy of our admiration, that they were not mere pupils and copiers after so consummate a master, but had each of them a vein of excellence and a well of talent that was peculiarly his own."

The author afterwards thus draws the parallel between Hampden and Cromwell:—

"It is singular enough that Hampden was the first cousin, and no doubt the intimate friend, of Cromwell, who afterwards ran the same career as was now chalked out for Hampden, with complete success, but not with the same unblemished reputation as it may well be believed would have attended upon the first of England's patriots. Cromwell wanted many of the advantages of Hampden in the outset, and we have no reason to believe surpassed him in the faculty which the latter possessed in so remarkable a degree, of adapting himself to whatever situation he was placed in, and winding up his faculties to the entire discharge of his duties. We may readily credit that Cromwell would never have thought of being tutor to the Prince of Wales. The ascendancy that Cromwell assumed over the minds of men seems to have been better adapted to the moulding them to his purposes, than to the raising them to all that is excellent of which their nature was capable. On the other hand, Hampden was probably inferior to no one in the elements that constitute a soldier; at the same time that he was the first statesman and the first counsellor of his age, distinguished by the polish and insinuation of his address and the unequivocalness of his integrity, and we may presume was a perfect gentleman and an excellent scholar."

The immediate successors of these men were Vane, St. John, and Cromwell. Although the conduct of Charles had long paved the way to a revolution, yet, had he allowed Hampden and his companions to go to America, as they wished, the storm might have been for some time averted; but "Hampden, being refused the permission of withdrawing from the contest, resolved to enter into it with an undaunted spirit."

In noticing the moderation of Parliament towards the judges who had so infamously sanctioned the ship-money and other oppressive and illegal acts of the king, Mr. Godwin observes as remarkable, that the articles of impeachment against Finch were carried up to the House of Lords by Lord Falkland, and those against the three barons by Mr. Edward Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, both of whom, a few months afterwards, ranked themselves among the adherents of the king.

It is unnecessary that we should follow Mr. Godwin through the history of this eventful period, which he conducts with so much ability, down to the year 1645, in his first volume: we shall therefore seize on a few points best calculated to show the character of the work. The first campaign between the Parliament and the King, ended

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without either party gaining a decisive advantage, owing to the want of military talents in the Earl of Essex, who twice had an opportunity of finishing the war; first at Edgehill and then again at Brentford: but Essex, though an amiable man, was not qualified to take the lead in perilous times; and his appointment was owing to a partiality towards hereditary aristocracy, on the part of the Parliament, who selected several of the officers of the army from the nobility.

Considerations of this sort had determined the appointment even of their commander in chief, the Earl of Essex. He was the most popular of the nobility. He was loved for his father's sake, and loved for his own. His carriage was uncommonly prepossessing and gracious, the joint produce of a lofty spirit and a kind heart. He made himself acceptable to the meanest soldier in the army; and, after the manner of a camp, which has a strange sort of good humour and familiarity mixed with its despotism, the private soldiers gave him as a mark of their kindness the nickname of Old Robin. He had another advantage, upon which too great a stress was laid at this period; he had studied the art of war in the Netherlands.

Of the character of Charles I. Mr. Godwin speaks with great severity:—

'The parliamentary leaders were most of them men of a firm and undaunted spirit; and the king was too dearly wedded to the exercise of prerogative in its amplest construction, ever to make a concession without a secret reserve, through the means of which it might afterwards be declared null. He was in reality a strange compound of that jesuitry which still presents one meaning to the plain ear of an unsophisticated man, while another is uppermost in the speaker's mind, with a pride and obstinacy which shrunk as by impulse from the adoption of almost any propositions which he regarded as diminishing his prerogative and power. This, of course, gave to his conduct an appearance of incongruity; and we must add to this, if we would compare and explain the language of his hasty speeches, his private letters, and his public declarations, that it happened to him, to the full extent in which it is liable to occur to persons in his eminent station, that he perpetually made his own, and set his name to, papers prepared by persons whose conceptions and views were different from his, and which he adopted merely because he thought the adoption necessary for political purposes. Thus, a vast number of his declarations were digested by Hyde (Clarendon), who was by education a lawyer, and who had very lately ceased to adhere to the patriotic party: it would therefore be absurd to consider these papers as containing a representation of his genuine sentiments.'

Again—

'I find two passions principally concerned in instigating the conduct of Charles the First;—first, an overweening egotism and pride; and, secondly, religious bigotry: egotism and pride, inspiring a total indifference to the sufferings of others; and

bigotry, too often representing those sufferings in fascinating colours, as conducive to the glory of God. Add to which, the passion of egotism and pride never fails to engender a deep and bitter spirit of retaliation of those injuries by which this sentiment is irritated and awakened.

'The picture here given is correct and just, or it is otherwise. If the former, it could not have been omitted here; as without it the crisis to which the fortunes of England were now exposed could not be completely understood.'

The disputes about church government, which Hume with levity calls a contest about the surplice and the tippet, is treated seriously by Mr. Godwin, who has no great partiality for the hierarchy. He almost vindicates the suppression of plays, on account of their licentiousness and their inculcating the doctrines of passive obedience, and the demolishing of images and superstitious pictures. The condemnation of Strafford he boldly justifies, as being the most dangerous man to the liberties of England: 'his accusation and his conviction were,' he says, 'of the substance of eternal right; his defence was technical.' After discussing the subject as a point of law, he adds,—

'For myself, I entertain an almost invincible abhorrence to the taking away the life of man, after a set form and in cool blood, in any case whatever. The very circumstance that you have the man in your power, and that he stands defenceless before you to be disposed of at your discretion, is the strongest of all persuasives that you should give him his life. To fetter a man's limbs, and in that condition to shed his blood like the beasts who serve us for food, is a thought to which, at first sight, we are astonished the human heart can ever be reconciled. The strongest case that can be made in its favour, is where, as in this business of Strafford, the public cause, and the favourable issue of that cause, seem to demand it.'

(To be continued.)

Points of Humour. Illustrated by the Designs of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Part II. 8vo. London, 1824.

WE will thank any author or editor who gives George Cruikshank 'a clear field and fair play,' for he possesses the most happy talent at comic illustration of any artist living, and his genius is so creative, that had Dr. Johnson written an essay on a broomstick, George would at once have made designs for it. When the first part of the *Points of Humour* was published, we spoke highly of the merits displayed by this artist. The second part is fully equal, if not superior, to its predecessor. The work contains ten tales, with the same number of copper-plate engravings, and twelve woodcuts. The first tale, or Point One, is the *Three Hunch-backs*, which we shall quote.

The principal engraving exhibits a large room, in which is a portrait of the Hunch-back, surmounted by a huge pair of antlers; here are the three coffers; the lady has

got two of the minstrels into them, but she has some difficulty in prevailing on the third to enter: the anxiety manifested by the lady, and the doubt and uneasiness of the minstrels, are well expressed. Two wood-cuts represent the grotesque dance of the minstrels, and the peasant with the husband on his shoulder, just hastening to relieve the lady of the last of the Hunch-backs. The second point, a *Relish before Dinner*, is the well-known story of the boor who offered, before Charles Gustavus, King of Sweden, to eat a large hog, and when General Konigsmark doubted it, proposed to eat the general, if he would take off his spurs. The fellow has a hog on a dish, under his arm, with a carving-knife and fork in it, a huge flaggon by his side, and a spoon in his belt; the poor general is represented as sneaking out of the room horror-struck at the proposal. There is a great deal of comic humour in this plate, but the vignette, which is simplicity itself—a mere dash of the pen—is still happier: a human hand, with a fork in it, is attempting to pick up a man on horseback, who is galloping away. The third point, *The Haunted Physicians*, is also on a well known story. The *Four Blind Beggars*, which forms the fourth point, is a good tale admirably illustrated. The *Consultation*, the *Dinner*, and the *Duel*, points five, six, and seven, are three admirable scenes from *Peregrine Pickle*,—a novel so rich in whimsical adventures, that we are glad to see it in such able hands as Cruikshank's. The *Quack Doctor*, and a *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, a scene from *Les Barons de Felsheim*, furnish some very clever illustrations. The last point is the scene from Shakespeare's *Henry V.*, in which Fluellen makes Pistol eat the leek;—the pertinacity of the irritated Welshman, and the horror, fear, and disgust, with which Pistol commences eating the obnoxious leek, are well expressed. The editor, in his preface, observes that the costume in which the artist has represented the characters differs from that adopted by all the illustrators of Shakespeare, adding that the proper authorities have been consulted; and we have no doubt of its correctness.

We have only to repeat our warmest commendation of this work, which is well calculated to sustain the character of George Cruikshank,* as the first graphic humourist of his day. We shall now conclude with giving the first tale;—for the points of humour communicated by the artist, we must refer to the work itself:—

* In making this remark, we by no means wish to detract from the merits of his brother, who, we think, is rather unkindly treated, as if he sought to raise himself on the shoulders of George Cruikshank. This, we are assured, is by no means the case; indeed, Robert Cruikshank may fairly rest on his own merits. We have the first two parts before us of an elegant and cheap edition of *Don Quixote*, in *The Foreign Fabulist*, which contain some admirable comic engravings, from the pencil of Bob Cruikshank, and do no discredit to the family.

'At a short distance from Douai, there stood a castle on the bank of a river near a bridge. The master of this castle was hunchbacked. Nature had exhausted her ingenuity in the formation of his whimsical figure. In place of understanding, she had given him an immense head, which nevertheless was lost between his two shoulders: he had thick hair, a short neck, and a horrible visage.

'Spite of his deformity, this bugbear be-thought himself of falling in love with a beautiful young woman, the daughter of a poor but respectable burgess of Douai. He sought her in marriage, and as he was the richest person in the district, the poor girl was delivered up to him. After the nuptials, he was as much an object of pity as she, for, being devoured by jealousy, he had no tranquillity night or day, but went prying and rambling every where, and suffered no stranger to enter the castle.

'One day, during the Christmas festival, while standing sentinel at his gate, he was accosted by three humpbacked minstrels. They saluted him as a brother, as such asked him for refreshments, and at the same time, to establish the fraternity, they ostentatiously shouldered their humps at him. Contrary to expectation, he conducted them to his kitchen, gave them a capon with peas, and to each a piece of money over and above. Before their departure, however, he warned them never to return, on pain of being thrown into the river. At this threat of the Chatelain the minstrels laughed heartily and took the road to the town, singing in full chorus, and dancing in a grotesque manner, in derision of their brother hump of the castle. He, on his part, without paying further attention, went to walk in the fields.

'The lady, who saw her husband cross the bridge, and had heard the minstrels, called them back to amuse her. They had not been long returned to the castle, when her husband knocked at the gate, by which she and the minstrels were equally alarmed. Fortunately, the lady perceived in a neighbouring room three empty coffers. Into each of these she stuffed a minstrel, shut the covers, and then opened the gate to her husband. He had only come back to espy the conduct of his wife, as usual, and, after a short stay, went out anew, at which you may believe his wife was not dissatisfied. She instantly ran to the coffers to release her prisoners, for night was approaching and her husband would not probably be long absent. But what was her dismay when she found them all three suffocated! Lamentation, however, was useless. The main object now was to get rid of the dead bodies, and she had not a moment to lose. She ran then to the gate, and seeing a peasant go by, she offered him a reward of thirty livres; and, leading him into the castle, she took him to one of the coffers, and showing him its contents, told him he must throw the dead body into the river; he asked for a sack, put the carcass into it, pitched it over the bridge, and then returned quite out of breath to claim the promised reward.

"I certainly intended to satisfy you," said the lady, "but you ought first to fulfil the condition of the bargain—you have agreed to rid me of the dead body, have you not? There, however, it is still." Saying this, she showed him to the other coffer, in which the second humpbacked minstrel had expired. At this sight the clown was perfectly confounded—"how the devil! come back! a sorcerer!"—he then stuffed the body into the sack, and threw it, like the other, over the bridge, taking care to put the head down and to observe that it sank.

'Meanwhile the lady had again changed the position of the coffers, so that the third was now in the place which had been successively occupied by the two others. When the peasant returned, she shewed him the remaining dead body:—"You are right, friend," said she, "he must be a magician, for there he is again." The rustic gnashed his teeth with rage. "What the devil! am I to do nothing but carry about this humpback?" He then lifted him up, with dreadful imprecations, and having tied a stone round the neck, threw him into the middle of the current, threatening, if he came out the third time, to despatch him with a cudgel.

'The first object that presented itself to the clown, on his way back for his reward, was the hunchbacked master of the castle returning from his evening walk, and making towards the gate. At this sight the peasant could no longer restrain his fury. "Dog of a humpback, are you there again?" So saying, he sprung on the Chatelain, threw him over his shoulders, and hurled him headlong into the river after the minstrels.

"I'll venture a wager you have not seen him this last time," said the peasant, entering the room where the lady was seated. She answered, she had not. "You were not far from it," replied he: "the sorcerer was already at the gate, but I have taken care of him—be at your ease—he will not come back now."

'The lady instantly comprehended what had occurred, and recompensed the peasant with much satisfaction.

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The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa. By LADY MORGAN.

(Concluded from p. 132.)

WE left Salvator Rosa among the banditti of the Abruzzi, in our last number, and we now lose no time in rescuing him from an association no less unworthy of his talents, than uncongenial to his romantic character. On his return to Naples, he found his family as he had left it,—'steeped in poverty to the very lips,' his father dead, and himself the only hope for support. Haughty and unbending, he disdained to solicit patronage where alone it could be obtained, and he remained in obscurity, working only for the petty picture-brokers of the market place; nor was it until the arrival of Lanfranco, the great rival of Domenichino, in Naples, that Salvator Rosa was rescued from obscurity.

Lanfranco was one day returning from the *Chiesa del Gesù* (the cupola of which he was engaged to ornament) to his lodgings, when he was struck by a picture in oil, which hung outside the shop of a dealer. It was a scene in the affecting story of Hagar: Lanfranco immediately purchased it, and inquired the name of the painter, but without success; he however ordered his pupils to purchase every picture they saw bearing the same superscription, that of 'Salvatoriello.' Salvator, who was now only in his nineteenth year, became greatly sought after, though his fortunes were not much improved. In the following year he set out for Rome, where he remained some time, still labouring for the picture-dealers. A severe indisposition compelled him to return to Naples for the benefit of his health, which was no sooner done, than he again visited Rome, and was fortunate enough to obtain the patronage of Cardinal Brancaccia, for whom he executed several pictures. Disgusted with leading a life of seeming dependence in the cardinal's family, he returns to Naples and paints his first great picture, the Prometheus, which he sent to Rome for sale. The admiration which it excited once more drew Salvator from his native home, to the 'eternal city;' but 'neither the merit of the picture, the genius of the artist, nor the exertions of the few and uninfluential friends his talents had raised up for him, could procure his entrance into the *accademia* of St. Luke.' Though stung to the soul by this rejection, he still laboured at his palette, by which he was enabled to live comfortably; so that, at the carnival of 1639, he determined on an adventure suited to his talents and romantic character, which is thus spiritedly described by Lady Morgan:—

'Towards the close of the carnival of 1639, when the spirits of the revellers (as is always the case in Rome) were making a brilliant rally for the representations of the last week, a car, or stage, highly ornamented, drawn by oxen, and occupied by a masked troop, attracted universal attention by its novelty and singular representations. The principal personage announced himself as a certain Signor Formica, a Neapolitan actor, who, in the character of Coviello, as a charlatan, displayed so much genuine wit, such bitter satire, and exquisite humour, rendered doubly effective by a Neapolitan accent, and "*i motivi dei lazzi nazionali*," or national gesticulations, that other representations were abandoned; and gipsies told fortunes, and Jews hung, in vain. The whole population of Rome gradually assembled round the novel, the inimitable Formica. The people relished his flashes of splenetic humour, aimed at the great; the higher orders were delighted with an *improvisatore*, who, in the intervals of his dialogues, sung to the lute, of which he was a perfect master, the Neapolitan ballads, then so much in vogue. The attempts made by his fellow-revellers to obtain some share of the plaudits he so abundantly received, whether he spoke or sung, asked or answered questions, were all abortive; while he (says Baldinucci) "*come capo di tutti, e pur*

spiritoso, e ben parlante, con bei ghiribizzi e lazzi spiritosi teneva a se mezza Roma, "at the head of every thing by his wit, eloquence, and brilliant humour, drew half Rome to himself." The contrast between his beautiful musical and poetical compositions, and those Neapolitan gesticulations in which he indulged, when, laying aside his lute, he presented his vials and salves to the delighted audience, exhibited a versatility of genius which it was difficult to attribute to any individual then known in Rome. Guesses and suppositions were still vainly circulating among all classes, when, on the close of the carnival, Formica, ere he drove his triumphal car from the Piazza Navona, which, with one of the streets in the Trastevere, had been the principal scene of his triumph, ordered his troop to raise their masks, and, removing his own, discovered that Coviello was the sublime author of the Prometheus, and his little troop the "*Partigiani*" of Salvator Rosa. All Rome was from this moment (to use a phrase which all his biographers have adopted) "*filled with his fame.*"

That celebrity which his genius had failed to obtain was procured by his talents as an improvisatore, and henceforth the best society in Rome was open to him. He was much attached to the old national drama, which, being chiefly impromptu, gave the actor the opportunity of introducing subjects of local and temporary interest, sarcasms on institutions and individuals; a circumstance of which Salvator availed himself in his recitations. It was in an improvisatore that he first "tried the points of the sarcasms against the church, the government, and the existing state of literature and the arts, which were afterwards given to the world in his published satires, and which still draw down on his memory the unfounded calumnies that embittered his life." Before quitting the drama, of which Lady Morgan gives a detailed account, we shall quote her description of one of the characters, which seems to have been much misunderstood:—

"Pulchinello is the true Neapolitan mask, and the idol of the people, both in Naples and throughout the Pope's dominions. This exquisite comic character may be considered as a broad caricature of the common people of Naples, as nature and a series of oppressive governments have left it. Quick, witty, and insolent, vain, boasting, and cowardly, Pulchinello is hurried by his volcanic and inconsiderate temperament into every species of misfortune. In his broad Neapolitan patois, he gives utterance to the pleasantest sallies, and the most biting satire, with a naïveté that seems to mingle great simplicity with great shrewdness. Whatever is most ludicrous in the extreme of Neapolitan manners is assigned to Pulchinello. He howls like the Lazzaroni, boasts like a Spanish don, flies to covert on the least appearance of danger, and, when all is over, is the first to join in the cry of victory. His wit, roguery, and cowardice, render him the Italian Falstaff; and his affectation of gallantry, with a person

grotesquely ridiculous, recalls occasionally the adventures of the delightful knight in the Merry Wives of Windsor. His frequent allusion to macaroni, the favourite diet of the Neapolitans, has so confounded his identity with this national dish, that they have become inseparable in the imagination of the other Italians. It is scarcely necessary to add, after this description, that Pulchinello differs entirely from the punch of the French and English puppet show, with whom he is confounded even by a writer in the Edinburgh Review, April, 1823. He has nothing of the facetious itinerant of our streets and booths but his hooked nose. He wears a black mask and a linen dress, fuller even than that of Pagliaccio."

Although Salvator went readily and deeply into the gaieties of Roman society, yet he did not neglect his profession as a painter, but produced several admirable pictures. Of an independent and almost haughty disposition, Salvator never truckled to his customers; and his biographer relates some anecdotes, in which he almost treated them with rudeness: the following only displays a just independence:—

"A roman noble endeavouring one day to drive a hard bargain with him, he coolly interrupted him to say, that, till the picture was finished, he himself did not know its value; observing, "I never bargain, sir, with my pencil; for it knows not the value of its own labour before the work is finished. When the picture is done, I will let you know what it costs, and you may then take it or not, as you please."

We now arrive at an important era in the life of Salvator, and one of the most extraordinary events that ever occurred in any age or country: we allude to the revolution in Naples, in 1647, by the poor fisherman of Analfi Masaniello. This event is too well known to render it necessary that we should repeat even Lady Morgan's narrative of it, although it possesses some novelty. Her ladyship vindicates Masaniello, and, if an attempt to relieve a nation from a galling yoke be not a crime (and we have yet to learn that it is so), he may be vindicated; particularly as his conduct, while his reason remained, was temperate, and his object not ambitious, but patriotic. When he abolished the odious imposts, he ordered the *bureaux*, the registers, and even the treasury to be destroyed.

"This most singular order, and the manner in which it was executed, forms a striking feature in the history of popular insurrections. Jewels, gems, gold and silver ornaments, specie, the richest tapestry, and the most costly furniture, piled together in gorgeous heaps before the doors of the financial palaces, were fired by the faggots intended for the service of our Lady of Carmel, and were consumed to ashes* in the presence of thousands, who looked coldly on, and (in obedience to the law of their chief, on whom they had bestowed the title of Captain of the People,) refrained from touching a single valuable. Not a gem was secreted, not a sequin purloined, not a

*Not jewels and plate, certainly.—REV.

house entered, save such houses as had been marked as belonging to the officers of the *gabelles*. Not the hair of one Neapolitan head was injured—not one drop of blood, even of their foreign soldiery, was shed. The people, restored to the full enjoyment of the riches of their fertile soil, beheld, not with eyes of covetousness, but with feelings of contempt, those treasures which had tempted man to crush his brother man to the earth."

Lady Morgan unhesitatingly asserts that Salvator Rosa assisted in this revolution, and that he "sketched while he counselled, and studied while he listened;" but the only evidence beyond tradition, is that of some portraits of Masaniello "attributed to Salvator"—evidence which we do not think by any means conclusive, particularly as no contemporary historian of this singular revolution ever alludes to Salvator Rosa's participation in it, and yet he was not an individual to have been left in the background on such an occasion. If, however, Salvator was really at Naples at the time of the revolution and participated in it, he was fortunate enough to escape to Rome, where, immediately after, we find him actively exercising his pen and his pencil. Having, however, accompanied him from obscurity and poverty, to fame and independence, we shall not pursue his history further, or notice the persecutions by which he was assailed in consequence of his satires. This preyed much on his mind, and his health became much affected. During the autumn of 1672 and the winter of 1672-3, he got worse, and lingered to the 15th of March. On that day,—

"While life was still fluttering at the heart of Salvator, the officiating priest of the day arrived, bearing with him the holy apparatus of the last mysterious ceremony of the church. The shoulders of Salvator were laid bare, and anointed with consecrated oil: some prayed fervently, others wept, and all even still hoped; but the taper which the Doctor Catanni held to the lips of Salvator, while the viaticum was administered, burned brightly and steadily! Life's last sigh had transpired, as religion performed her last rite.

"Between that luminous and soul-breathing form of genius and the clod of the valley, there was now no difference; and the "end and object" of man's brief existence was now accomplished in him, who, while yet all young and ardent, had viewed the bitter perspective of humanity with a philosophic eye, and pronounced even on the bosom of pleasure,—

"*Nasci pona—Vita labor—Necesse mori.*"

"On the evening of the day of the 15th of March, 1673, all that remained of the author of Regulus, of Catiline, and of the Satires—of the gay Formica, the witty Coviello!—of the elegant composer and greatest painter of his time and country [qy.] of Salvator Rosa! was conveyed to the tomb, in the church of *Santa Maria degli Angeli alle Terme*, that magnificent temple, unrivalled even at Rome in interest and grandeur, and which now stands as it stood when it form-

ed the Pinacotheca of the Thermæ of Dioclesian! There, accompanied by much funeral pomp, the body of Salvator lay in state: the head and face, according to the Italian custom, exposed to view. All Rome poured into the vast circumference of the church to take a last view of the painter of the Roman people! the "*Nostro Signor Salvatore*" of the Pantheon: and the popular feelings of regret and admiration were expressed with the usual bursts of audible emotion in which Italian sensibility on such occasions loves to indulge. Some few there were who gathered closely and in silence round the bier of the great master of the Neapolitan school; and who, weeping the loss of the man, forgot for a moment even that genius which had already secured its own meed of immortality.

Lady Morgan concludes her able memoir with an estimate of the character of Salvator Rosa as a painter, an engraver, a poet, and a musical composer, for in all those arts did he excel. Speaking of his drawings, she relates the following anecdote:—

'The drawings of Salvator Rosa are extremely scarce. The value placed even on his most careless sketches may be judged by the following anecdote:—Calling one day on Lorenzo Lippi, at Florence, he was detained some time waiting for his friend, and, to beguile his *ennui*, he took up a card and made a sketch on it. This card has reached posterity, and is now carefully preserved in the lid of a snuff-box, in the possession of the Prince Rozoumofski, a Russian noble.'

To the memoir Lady Morgan adds twenty interesting letters, written by Salvator Rosa to his friend Dr. Ricciardi, and a catalogue of his pictures, with the names of the individuals in whose possession they now are. This catalogue, which has been collected from various authorities, displays a great deal of research, and is very valuable; and we consider it as highly interesting, on account of its showing how rich this country is in works of the fine arts, by the number it possesses of one distinguished master—there being one hundred and thirteen of the pictures of Salvator Rosa in England.

We have hitherto been very sparing of our criticism on *The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa*: it is, however, a work that has little to fear from it; and we have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the best works that has proceeded from Lady Morgan's prolific pen. While it possesses all the interest which attaches to the life of an extraordinary man, and that which this lady seldom fails to impart to her works, there is more sobriety and no less eloquence in the style. The memoir is also more free from those personal or party apostrophes which have so frequently formed an objectionable feature in some of her preceding works; and we hail it as a proof that her ladyship has imbibed a better taste, and as a prospect that she may enrich literature still more in the new field she has chosen. An old objection, however, we have to make,—the affectation of introducing French or Italian

where plain English would be much better. Her ladyship, however, sins less in this respect than formerly, and her work is not only an interesting memoir of Salvator Rosa, but a good vindication of his moral character, and an able view of the times in which he lived.

Sayings and Doings: a Series of Sketches from Life. By THEODORE E. HOOK, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. pp. 1014. London, 1824.

THERE are few authors whose names are so familiar to the public as that of Mr. Theodore Hook: he has written some twenty farces and melodramas, and has had credit for writing as many more; Pen Owen is said to have proceeded from his pen, and he is the reputed editor of the *John Bull* newspaper. There are other occasions on which this gentleman's name comes before the public, but, as they are foreign to the purpose, we shall not, like one of our contemporaries, allude to them more particularly, though we cannot avoid dwelling on Mr. Hook's *Sayings and Doings*. This work consists of four tales,—*Danvers, the Friend of the Family*, *Merton*, and *Martha the Gipsy*. Each tale is written in illustration of some proverb, and 'to compare the doings of the moderns with the sayings of the ancients.' This is somewhat in imitation of the French dramatic pieces called *proverbs*, which are written in order to exemplify the truth of some old sayings. The proverbs selected by Mr. Hook are not only familiar to every person, but there is scarcely a human being that has not felt their truth in his own experience. In our childhood we learn, that 'too much of one thing is good for nothing;' our school-boy days do not pass without our knowing that 'all is not gold that glitters;' ere we reach manhood, a thousand disappointments remind us, that 'there's many a slip between the cup and the lip;' and it does not require a very deep acquaintance with the world to know that 'seeing is believing.' Such are the four proverbs Mr. Hook exemplifies in his four tales. If, however, his proverbs are common-place, his sketches are, on the contrary, full of new life and vigour. The author is an ingenious and elegant writer, and an acute observer; he has travelled much, mixed in all grades of society, and learned that 'deepest art, to study man;' hence, he has from real life collected his dramatis personæ, with the plot and incidents of his tales. That many of the characters, if not the whole of them, are from real life we are willing to believe; and, indeed, some of them are so pointedly reflected, that they cannot be mistaken. This is particularly the case with the hero of the first tale, Tom Burton; for, abounding as England does in wealth, we have had but one instance of a young man squandering a million of money before he attained to years of discretion. Burton is a young, spirited, and amiable fellow, educated for the law, but quits it for a situation under government of 2000*l.* a year. He marries Mary Gatcombe, an amiable unsophisticated girl,

of some fortune, with whom he lives very happily, when her uncle Danvers arrives from the East Indies, with a large fortune, and a host of animals, which he sends as a present to his niece:—

'In less than five days appeared, in a caravan, the enormous brace of birds, the coiling snake, seven Cashmere goats, a Cape jackass—imagined by Mr. Danvers to be a zebra, because so called by Mr. Vilette—four monkeys "of sorts," and a couple of grey parrots, with shrill voices and excellent lungs.

'Such a scene was never represented at Sandown cottage, as was enacted on this extraordinary day: for strange as were the adjutants, horrible as was the snake, odious as were the monkeys, uncouth as were the goats, and noisy as were the parrots,—the kitmagars, and coolies, superintended by Mr. Rice, the nabob's own man, were, to the quiet European establishment assembled, more horrible, more strange, more odious, more uncouth, and more noisy.

'First, the birds were to be fed—a rabbit or two were to be caught for the rattle-snake—failing of which, a fine fowl, ready prepared for an excellent entrée at dinner, was hastily applied to the purpose. A charming portion of bread and milk, just ready for Miss Fanny's supper, was whipped up for the parrots; the zebra took fright at the goats, and broke loose into the kitchen-garden, while one of the monkeys in search of provender, skipped over the head of a maid-servant, who was standing at the hall-door with the younger daughter of the family in her arms, and having nearly knocked down both nurse and child, whisked up stairs, and hid itself under one of the beds in the nursery.

'Such screamings, such pokings and scratchings with brooms and brushes, such squallings of children, such roarings of gardeners and keepers, such agonies of the terrified mother, such horrors of the agitated husband, such squallings of babes, such chattering of servants, in Malabar, Hindostanee, Cingalese, and every other jumbled language of the East, never were seen or heard; and it was near nine o'clock before Jackoo was secured, on the pinnacle of the best bed-room chimney-pot, and carried down to his proper lodging, amongst the other beauties of nature, or that peace was restored in the house, or dinner ready for the family.'

This is a humorous description, and it is continued through several pages; the snake escapes—the Indians in search of it completely devastate a beautiful flower-garden—Burton takes his double-barrelled gun and seeks it for some time in vain, when—

'At a turn in the shrubbery, Burton at length beheld one of the nursery-maids and his children: the woman was seated on a bench with the younger one in her arms—the elder, then just two years old, was within a few yards of her. Delighted at the sight, he called to his little darling, but she answered not; she appeared not to hear him—her innocent countenance seemed fixed upon some object apparently close to

her—her whole attention was evidently absorbed: instead of turning to run, as she was wont to do, towards her anxious father, she heeded him not, but stepped slowly, with a subdued manner and marked caution, unnatural at her age, towards a clus-ter of shrubs which were near her. Burton cast a glance towards the spot, and beheld, coiled into a circle with its head consid-erably elevated, the dreadful rattle-snake it-self.

‘Its flaming eyes, sparkling like diamonds, were fixed upon his beloved child, who, under the power of their horrid fascination, was every moment involuntarily drawing nearer and nearer to its venomous mouth. —The nurse, at the same moment, saw the same object; and, although ignorant of the dreadful power of the creature, was paralyzed.

‘Burton approached with breathless fear; again he called his infant—it was, alas, too late! The rattle of the snake caught his ear—the child was closer—to fire at the reptile was, in all probability, to destroy his offspring. He feared not for himself, but, ignorant of the character of his foe, he dreaded lest, by advancing, he might end the scene, and hasten the destruction of his child:—the leaves moved—the snake uncoiled itself—elevated its head—the rattling increased—the innocent babe sank on the grass, within a foot of it—the creature made another movement preparatory to the blow, when Mary, in an instant, dashed be-fore her husband, and snatched her babe from the jaws of death. Her rapid ap-proach startled the monster, whose eye was suddenly diverted from its victim; and set-ting up a tremendous rattle with its tail, it bounded through the thicket, and was out of sight in a moment.’

The character of Danvers, a testy old nabob, whose East Indian habits so ill assort with the calm sequestered life of a country gentleman, is admirably drawn. He cannot live without smoking and cards—dines at three o’clock, because the night ‘is meant for playing cards, not for eating’—smokes at table while his niece and her husband dine—and, in short, becomes so disagreeable, that nothing but the fear of losing his im-mense fortune could induce the family to tol-erate him; and after all their attentions they are likely to do so, for Mr. Danvers becomes enamoured of Miss Sally Pod-gers, a ‘gorgon of ugliness,’ the daughter of one of their neighbours, and actually marries her. Three years after ‘the ceremony which made Miss Podgers a wife, and Mr. Dan-vers a fool,’ had passed, and which had re-stored Burton and his wife to the comfort and happiness which had only been dis-turbed by the uncle, he died, leaving an annuity of 500*l.* to his widow, and all the rest of his immense property, to the value of a couple of millions, to his niece Mary. Burton, who could have borne adversity without regret, felt the misery of riches. He assumes the name of Danvers, is flat-tered by all ranks, purchases large do-mains, and keeps a great deal of company, to the annoyance of poor Mary, whose edu-

cation had not fitted her for fashionable life. He takes a house in town, has large dinner parties, opposes the Whig candidate at the county election. The election is well de-scribed, but is strongly coloured with the ultra-tory politics of the author. Danvers loses his election, but is returned for a bo-rough and takes his seat:—

‘Danvers, having screwed his courage to the sticking-place, at length made a speech in Parliament; it was short but pithy, and great credit was due to him for the matter and the manner of its delivery. He antici-pated seeing the next morning in the re-ports of debates his name and harangue, in-terpersed with “Hear, hear,” and “Cheers from the Treasury Benches,” “laughter,” &c.” and came down more eager for fame than breakfast. Three morning papers were on the table; he first took up the Times, and having just cast his eye over three columns of a speech by Brougham, and an equally long reply by a much wiser man, his attention was arrested by these words,—

“An honourable member, whose name we could not catch, made a few observa-tions, which were totally inaudible in the gallery.”

‘In a transport of rage he threw down the Times, exclaiming against its political spite in thus slurring over an able speech, because it came from the right side of the house, and, snatching up the Chronicle, gratified himself by perusing these lines:—

“Mr. Danvers coincided in opinion with the last speaker.”

“Worse and worse,” exclaimed our un-fortunate member: “they shall be had up—I’ll move them to Newgate! Monsters! my name not even properly spelt—it is un-bearable!” With the view of soothing his feelings with some of the honey of Toryism, he unfolded The Morning Post in perfect security of getting all the *xudos* he deserved from a judicious reporter of proper prin-ciples; that journal contained the following passage:—

“Mr. Danvers Burton said a few words, the import of which we were quite unable to understand, on account of the noise and confusion in the house at the time.”

Danvers not being able to get any money but through his wife and two trustees, is ‘of-ten hard-pushed,’ and a rumour having been circulated, that a will of old Mr. Danvers of a later date, in favour of the widow, had been found, his creditors began to press him. At this moment, he receives intelli-gence from the West Indies, that his estates there had been almost destroyed by a hur-ricane. At home all went wrong:—

‘Every body connected with the esta-blishment appeared to have entered into a league to ascertain the most rapid mode of dissipating a large fortune for a careless master. His stables were an epitome of the system: every horse he had ate at least six pecks of corn *per diem*, and, on an aver-age, two horses died per month. He had no control over the department, and felt it would be far beneath his station, to inquire into the economy of a corn-bin; the conse-

quence was, that, according to the old pro-verb, “every thing went to rack and man-ger;” and, alas! this proverb applied not to the stable alone.

‘A succession of grand dinners were given, and grand parties and grand ban-quets; but there were drawbacks to the joys he had anticipated, and had even felt at one time, which those who thought his contracted brow and snow-pale cheek had been always natural to him did not perceive.’

He however again contests the county, and is returned, but is ousted for having relieved a distressed family, on the charge of having bribed the freeholder. He is compelled to sell his estate of Milford Park, purchases a cottage, and once more be-comes happy.

It will be seen that the tale of Danvers possesses considerable interest;—that the characters are admirably sketched, and that the author has an intimate acquaintance with high life, as well as with society ge-nerally.

The fourth tale, to which we now pass, reserving the two intermediate ones for a future number, is entitled Martha the Gipsy. It is very short, consisting only of thirty or forty pages. It is a singular story of supernatural agency, which the author prefaces by expressing his full belief in its truth, as well as in supernatural visitings. In the story, which is soon told, the names of the parties are altered, but the scene of it is unchanged. Mr. George Harding, a gentleman who held a good situation in Somerset House, where he attended daily, and ‘performed all the offi-cial duties of reading the opposition papers, discussing the leading politics of the day, with the head of another department, and of signing his name three times before four o’clock;’ lived in Bedford Square, and had an affectionate wife, a son at college, and an amiable daughter, Maria, whose mar-riage with Frederick Langdale was deter-mined on, but deferred until he should be twenty-one, but principally because Mrs. Langdale who was only six and thirty years of age, feared ‘it would confer upon her, somewhat too early in life, to be agreeable to a lady of her habits and propensities, the formidable title of grand-mamma.’ One morning as Mr. Harding was passing along Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury, in his way to the office, he was accosted by a female gipsy, who said, ‘Pray remember poor Martha the Gipsy, give me a halfpenny for charity, Sir.’

Mr. Harding was a subscriber to the Men-dicity Society, ‘an institution which pro-poses to check beggary by the novel mode of giving nothing to the poor,’ and he had no change; so he desired the woman to go about her business. She still importuned, and he at length fulminated an oath against the supplicating vagrant:—

“Curse!” said Martha: “have I lived to this? Hark ye, man—poor, weak, haughty man! Mark me—look at me!”

‘He did look at her, and beheld a coun-tenance on fire with rage. A pair of eyes blacker than jet, and brighter than dia-

monds, glared like stars upon him; her black hair dishevelled, hung over her olive cheeks; and a row of teeth whiter than the driven snow displayed themselves from between a pair of coral lips, in a dreadful smile, a ghastly sneer of contempt, which mingled in her passion. Harding was rivetted to the spot; and, what between the powerful fascination of her superhuman countenance and the dread of a disturbance, he paused to listen to her.

"Mark me, sir," said Martha; "you and I shall meet again. Thrice shall you see me before you die. My visitings will be dreadful; but the third will be the last!"

"There was a solemnity in this appeal which struck to his heart, coming, as it did, only from a vagrant outcast. Passengers were approaching; and wishing, he knew not why, to sooth the ire of the angry woman, he mechanically drew from his pocket some silver, which he tendered to her.

"There, my good woman—there," said he, stretching forth his hand.

"Good woman!" retorted the hag. "Money now? I—I that have been cursed? 'tis all too late, proud gentleman—the deed is done, the curse be now on you." Saying which, she tossed her ragged red cloak across her shoulder, and hurried from his sight, across the street, by the side of the Chapel, into the recesses of St. Giles's.

This interview long preyed on the mind of Mr. Harding, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his wife, and he avoided Charlotte Street in his way to Somerset House. Some months afterwards, he agreed to accompany his intended son-in-law in his curicle to Tattersall's, and took the reins, but was unable to manage the steeds, and on reaching Russel Street, they were overturned and both much injured: when Mr. Harding was raised up, the first sight that met his eyes was Martha the Gipsy, looking on the scene with a fixed and unmoved countenance. Scarcely had Mr. Harding recovered from the broken arm and collar bone, occasioned by this accident, when Maria, who had been long pining in a consumption, and who had not seen Langdale for many weeks, was apprised that next day he would visit her:—

"At that moment the bright sun, which was shining in all its splendour, beamed into the room, and fell strongly upon her flushed countenance.

"Draw the blind down, my love," said Mrs. Harding to her husband. Harding rose and proceeded to the window.

"A shriek of horror burst from him—"She is there!" exclaimed he.

"Who?" cried his astonished wife.

"She—she—the horrid she!"

"Mrs. Harding ran to the window, and beheld on the opposite side of the street, with her eyes fixed attentively on the house—Martha the Gipsy.

"Draw down the blind, my love, and come away; pray come away," said Mrs. Harding.

"Harding drew down the blind.

"What evil is at hand?" sobbed the agonized man.

"A loud scream from Mrs. Harding, who had returned to the bed-side, was the horrid answer to his painful questions.

"Maria was dead!"

Mr. Harding now determines on leaving the country, gets his son George installed as deputy in his office, retires to Lausanne with his wife, where he remains for two years, when they are invited to England to be present at their son's marriage. They return, the marriage is celebrated at Christmas, and on Twelfth Night a large party of the friends of the bride are invited. Supper had been succeeded by song—

"When a noise, resembling that producible by the falling of an eight-and-forty pound shot, echoed through the house. It appeared to descend from the very top of the building down each flight of stairs, rapidly and violently. It passed the door of the room in which they were sitting, and rolled its impetuous course downwards to the basement. As it seemed to leave the parlour, the door was forced open, as if by a gust of wind, and stood ajar."

Mr. Harding's eyes, first fixed steadfastly on the half-opened door, followed the course of the wall of the apartment to the fire-place; there they rested. When he retired to rest he told his wife that he had seen Martha the Gipsy:—

"Impossible!" said Mrs. Harding, "you have not left the house to-day."

"True, my beloved," replied the husband; "but I have seen her. When that tremendous noise was heard at supper, as the door was supernaturally opened, I saw her. She fixed those dreadful eyes of hers upon me; she proceeded to the fire-place, and stood in the midst of the children, and there she remained till the servant came in."

"My dearest husband," said Mrs. Harding, "this is but a disorder of the imagination."

"Be it what it may," said he, "I have seen her. Human or superhuman—natural or supernatural—there she was. I shall not argue upon a point where I am likely to meet with little credit; all I ask is, pray fervently, have faith, and we will hope the evil, whatever it is, may be averted."

"He kissed his wife's cheek tenderly, and, after a fitful feverish hour or two, fell into a slumber.

"From that slumber never awoke he more. He was found dead in his bed in the morning."

The author adds that the story was told him by a friend, one of the party, when walking near the place late one evening; he expressed his disbelief in it; his friend said he heard the noise, but did not see the spectre:

"No," answered I, "nor any body else, I'll be sworn." A quick footstep was just then heard behind us—I turned half round to let the person pass, and saw a woman enveloped in a red cloak, whose sparkling black eyes, shone upon by the dim lustre of a lamp above her head,

dazzled me—I was startled—"Pray remember old Martha the Gipsy," said the hag."

The author gave her five shillings, and has never since passed that dark corner of Bedford Square, in the evening. Whether these are 'chimeras all,' or not, we do not presume to determine; but in our next we shall notice a very clever work on the Philosophy of Apparitions, which throws great light on this very curious subject.

An Essay on Liberty; and other Poems. By J. B. F. 12mo. pp. 74. London, 1824.

THIS small collection of poems, printed, we presume, for private circulation rather than for sale, is much diversified, being elegiac, amatory, and anacreontic. They appear to be the production of a young and amiable mind, and some of the pieces would do no discredit to more practised poets.

A Compendium of Algebra, with Notes and Demonstrations, showing the Reason of every Rule. Designed for the Use of Schools and those Persons who have not the advantage of a Preceptor. By GEORGE PHILLIPS. 12mo. pp. 87. London, 1824.

THIS is a clever compendium of a most useful branch of mathematical science, for every person ought to be acquainted with algebra. The author's object is to abridge the labour of the master, or to render a master unnecessary, by familiarizing the subject so as to facilitate the study, and, consequently, lessen the period usually spent in acquiring this essential part of education. Such are his avowed objects, and his work is well calculated to insure them.

Sequel to the Grammar of Sacred History. By MARY ANN RUNDALL. 12mo. pp. 178. London, 1824.

IN this little work, Mrs. Rundall, who is well and favourably known to the public as the author of some elementary works, has given us a paraphrase on the Epistles and Gospels for every Sunday throughout the year, with explanatory notes, an illustration of the Liturgy, and a paraphrase on the Church Catechism. It is intended as a sequel to *The Grammar of Sacred History*, by the same author. Without entering into any analysis, for which we have not room, we can confidently recommend this work as calculated to facilitate education and diffuse religion and morality, by placing them in a light the most alluring.

The Portfolio. A Collection of Engravings, by J. and H. S. STORER, from Antiquarian and Topographical Subjects. Nos. 16, 17, and 18.

WE have frequently noticed this cheap and elegant little work, which still goes on and continues to deserve that good name we have given it. There is great diversity in the choice of subjects, and might be still more, if individuals in possession of drawings adapted to the work would forward them to the editor, with permission to copy them.

Sir Andre
Astrolog
London

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Sir Andrew Sagittarius; or, the Perils of Astrology: a Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1824.

THIS is, of verity, a novel age; and such is the demand for fiction, that every person, male or female, who has had the benefit of a few months of the Bell and Lancaster system, think it perfectly within their power to write a novel:—

'Thus fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'

We have now been regular systematic reviewers for about five years, during which time we have passed judgment on some twelve or fifteen hundred works (the number of pages, words, and letters, we leave our friend, the editor of *Longuemanne's Cunynge Advertyser*, to calculate), but never have we been insulted by the offer of so trashy and despicable a work to our notice as *Sir Andrew Sagittarius*. The author must certainly have more money than wit—which by no means implies his being a man of fortune,—or he would never have paid the expense of printing such stuff; for we put entirely out of the question all idea of a bookseller incurring the hazard.

The object of the author is by no means bad: it is 'to expose the fallacy of all pretended power in the arts of divination by means of celestial influence, and to show the danger resulting from a too foolish confidence in such predictions.' The means which he takes to effect his avowed object are such as no man of common sense would have adopted; and although he touches on almost every subject, yet there is not one that he adorns. In fact, he is totally unqualified for expressing his feelings or opinions on any topic, however correctly he may think on it; and there is not a single page of his work in which all the rules of grammar are not set at defiance. We will not deign to give a specimen, but our readers will give us credit for the correctness of our opinions:—if they doubt, let them purchase the book and read it, and they will pay a double penalty for their incredulity.

Foreign Literature.

Voyage Pittoresque en Autriche, suivi d'un Précis Historique de la Guerre entre cette Puissance et la France, en 1809. Par le COMTE ALEXANDRE DE LABORDE, Member of the Institute, &c. 3 vols. folio.

COMTE LABORDE is well known to the literary world by an elegant work entitled *Travels in Spain*, to which his new work will form an appropriate companion, as it exhibits the same diligent research, the same good taste in the selection of subjects for illustration whether by the pen or pencil, the same spirit of observation, the same correctness as to fact, and the same interest in its details. The author divides his *Travels in Austria* into two parts. In the first, he points out the most curious

objects in Upper Austria, giving a general view of the appearance of the country, the manners and customs of the inhabitants, &c. The second part comprises a description of Vienna, with views of the most remarkable scenes, buildings, and monuments of the arts, in that capital and its environs. Nothing seems to have escaped the observation and research of this learned and enthusiastic traveller. Accurate maps and plans, views the most beautiful, engravings of tombs, medals, statues, temples, columns, bas-reliefs, public buildings distinguished for their architecture, almost every work of art, from the most remote to the present times, are given in this splendid work, and are described by his elegant pen. The engravings have a delicacy, and yet a vigour and boldness of design, which reflect great credit both on the draughtsman and the engraver.

It is not, however, to picturesque scenes in nature, noble monuments, or gothic abbeys which have withstood the wreck of ages, that the pen or the pencil of Comte de Laborde is confined: he neither neglects the ruins of former greatness nor the incidents of the day; and, consequently, the habitations, the amusements, and the costume of the inhabitants are all noticed. The literary descriptions possess a great and a varied interest, particularly an admirable account of the institution and present state of chivalry in Germany.

M. de Laborde prefixes to his work a history of the Austrian monarchy, from the foundation of the empire to the commencement of the year 1819. He exhibits the relative state of Austria under the princes of the House of Bamberg, and during the reign of the present emperor, contrasting ancient with recent events, and pointing out the various accessions of territory the empire has made. He does not dwell on the origin of the people who compose the several states of the empire, but proceeds rapidly to that epoch when Charlemagne possessed Austria, then a marquisate, and all the states by which it was surrounded. It was, however, Rodolph of Hapsburg who laid the foundation of this vast empire. This prince insured the greatness of Austria, on the 27th August, 1278, in the plains of Wagram, on that very field of battle where, in 1809, its ruin was menaced. 'Rodolph and Charlemagne,' says M. de Laborde, 'were equally distinguished by their eminent qualities; but the first received the empire, the other founded it—the first re-established order in Ger-

many, Charlemagne established it in Europe.'

M. de Laborde omits no opportunity of drawing a parallel between contemporary princes, who have been the pride or ornament of their respective ages,—such as Maximilian, Louis XII., Charles V. and Francis I.; but it is when the author approaches our own times that his narrative becomes the most interesting, and that his style acquires the utmost force. The author is perhaps too favourable to his heroes generally, and paints in too vivid colours the virtues of Leopold the First and Maria Theresa, and the magnificence of Charles VI., though few persons will refuse Joseph II. the credit of good intentions; in recounting the triumphs, reverses, and faults of their successors, he appears impartial. He dwells at considerable length on the character and conduct of this prince, and justly attributes the evils which Austria suffered during the French revolution, to the faults of her political system, and the obstinacy with which the government adhered to it.

The Austrian monarchy, on the accession of the present emperor, consisted of an union of several different states with a population of twenty-four millions of inhabitants. This empire was composed of different nations, having each their distinct laws, language, manners, and customs, which generally differed from each other. The emperor formed the common bond of union among those states, according to each the exercise of its own laws. One thing all the states had in common,—the feudal system; and there seems no disposition on the part of the princes of Europe, where this system prevails, to abandon it.

The first two volumes of Comte de Laborde's beautiful work contain three hundred and forty pages of letterpress, and one hundred and ten engravings; the third volume, one hundred and sixty printed pages, fifteen plans of battles, twenty-seven views, and fifteen vignettes. The third volume is devoted to a history of the war between Austria and France in 1809, and a collection of engravings illustrative of the striking events of that period. It will readily be supposed that a work so splendidly embellished as the *Voyage Pittoresque* cannot but be expensive; but when we consider the beauty, fidelity, and number of the engravings, the able and elegant descriptions of the author, and the exquisite manner in which Didot has printed the work, we no longer begrudge 360 francs for a copy,—*'demi reliure dos de maroquin.'*

ORIGINAL.

MEDITATIONS BY MOONLIGHT.

No. II.

'Episcopatus non est artificium transigendæ vitæ.'
AUGUSTIN, Epist. 58.

THE office of the clergyman, while it is confessedly the most important, is the most degraded and dishonoured. Perhaps the dishonour and degradation appear the more, as we the more reverence the office; but there is certainly, in the present day, a laxity in the manners, and a frivolity in the occupations of our priests, which none but the most indifferent can avoid observing; and which, for a Christian satirist to overlook, would be little short of treason to a King whose arm hath never been palsied. In addition to the vices of the laity, there are actions in themselves innocent and harmless, which, to commit, is, in the clergy, a serious offence. Among these latter, we rank dancing, profane singing, playing at games of chance, with numerous other fashionable levities, which may be practised with impunity by those who, from situation or education, are unfit for employment more profitable: nor let it be thought, for a moment, that our objections are directed against those healthy and elegant exercises, which not only long custom hath tolerated, but which even the wisest and the best men have sanctioned; the hour is near when we shall vindicate those favourite amusements of all ages, from the aspersive calumnies of cold-blooded prudery, and draw them forth from under the sable concealment of ascetic invectives.

We dislike, nevertheless, from motives which must be intelligible to the humblest capacity, to see the man of God at the card-table, after receiving at his hands the eucharist; after hearing him denounce 'the pomps and vanities of this wicked world,' to behold him adjusting his figure to the tunes of obscene minstrelsy; or to listen while his throat is warbling a hymn to Bacchus, or while his lips move in idolatry of Venus, after contemplating him in the pulpit as the priest of the living and only Deity. It will be argued in opposition to this—is, then, the clergyman to have no pleasure in common with the rest of mankind? is he not to be permitted the slightest participation in the enjoyments and gratifications of every other rational being? Certainly: every real pleasure, every true enjoyment, every solid gratification, is his, and he is welcome thereto. Why,

then, exclude those above enumerated? For this simple reason: the church is intimately connected with the highest department in the state; the office of its professors is the most vitally important to the interests of the community; their duties being sacred, their engagements should be always of that sober character which will not, for a moment, endanger the success of that cause, whose natural support is to be found in the priesthood. Now, that entertainments which afford gratification to the senses alone, are unfit for our clergy to partake of, will be apparent, when the charges they have undertaken and the duties they have made oath to perform shall be duly estimated. And, surely, if rightly considered, the most modish clerk will acquiesce in the proposition, that no great share of happiness will be deprived those who neither drink, dance, nor gamble.

An objection as serious as the preceding, and more indisputable, is the awful sacrifice of time to these amusements: for, though it may not only be denied, but the denial attempted to be substantiated, that the man who devotes one half of his attention to the idle labours of the world cannot bring that perfect activity to the vineyard, which it is his especial duty to maintain fruitful, it surely cannot be doubted, that the time which is spent on the votaries and in the temple of fashion is time stolen from HIM, to whose service it had been originally and voluntarily consecrated. Nor be it imagined that I declaim against an evil which hath but an ideal existence, or that I debase into a crime what is in reality a solid pleasure, and at worst a necessary evil of society. I deal not with idealities nor war against shadows.

Every man whose lot hath been to mix much with his fellows, hath seen at the theatre, the rout, in the tavern, and the ball-room, one who had been better employed in composing a discourse on virtue, than in swallowing the filthy puns of a modern comedian; one whose knee had been more justly bent in soliciting assistance from on high for the right performance of his exalted duties, than in telling a practical lie to the perishable painted butterflies of humanity, who flutter through life as though it were a period of time granted but to be dissipated—a pearl polished into beauty only for the use of swine; one whose presence in a group of bacchanals is a bold, public, and infamous blasphemy; yea, also, one whose dignity of figure and graces of motion ought

rather to be exercised in enforcing the truths of religion, than in cutting capers for the amusement of fools.

I have said the office of the clergyman, it is holy, is important, and I think this assertion admits of demonstration. For example: it is his task not only to bring 'glad tidings of great joy' to the children of Israel, but to heal the wound of affliction, charm into a delightful repose the smart and agony of remorse, cheer the sullen brow of labour, light up with hope the dark and desolate prospects of neglected genius; in the inimitable language of holy writ, 'to fill the hungry with good things,' to exalt the meek, make humble the proud, and bless the well-doer, and reward the well-disposed, and compensate the ill-treated, by views bright and consolatory; by representations, beautiful and captivating, of that heaven, the brightness, the loveliness, the captivations of which, the pencil of him of whom it was said—'pinxit quæ pingi non possunt,' could not, even faintly, delineate; the pleasures, the felicities of which, though I possessed a thousand lives and had a thousand tongues, I could not even detail, far less describe. With the celestial privilege of tearing the veil that hideth men's actions; with especial liberty to enter the privacy of men's motives, and either draw them into insufferable light, or hold them up to the admiration of worlds—the man who, instead of availing himself of such privileges, wastes his time, dissipates his talent, and prostitutes his example, in support of levities to be applauded only in children and hardly to be encouraged when the buds of infancy have expanded into the blossoms of youth; if he deserve not unsparing castigation, nevertheless merits the reprobation, and must necessarily receive the contempt, of the serious and the wise.

The remarks just offered, although, perhaps, of too desultory a nature, will have shown the impolicy—nay, the guilt—of his conduct, who, careless of his habit, and reckless of his vow, enters the wilderness of worldly vanities, and is rather ambitious of bearing the palm from a dancer, than of fighting the good fight, and being victor in the strife of faith. The proof of the frivolity of such habits may be given in few words:—in proportion to the strength of the mental faculties, their possessor is expected to be active in benefiting his race, either by great literary attainments, by discoveries in science, or by the practice of benevolence and virtue; and it

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has been decided, that all pursuits which have not the one or other of these objects in view are light and frivolous, and in some cases worse than useless: now, while each of the entertainments prohibited the clergy may, in the instances of young persons, and those long subjected to manual labour, be not only harmless, but highly beneficial, to the priest, who ought to be a philosopher also, they are ill adapted as amusements, and should be scorned as frivolous, and unworthy the exercise of one solitary hour: such at least are the opinions of the—

NIGHT PONDERER.

ENIGMAS IN PROSE.

No. IV.

ELUCIDATION OF ENIGMA III.

WHEN I say that I am a *wedding-ring*, all that I have said respecting myself will appear credible. By some I shall be held to be a mere snare, a fetter, a halter, in which Hymen strangles Cupid—a type of slavery, and the best emblem in the world of a miserable captivity. But there are others, and I trust very many, who will behold in me nothing of this kind, but regard me as the fence and defence of domestic happiness, and as the pure golden panoply of conjugal love. To such my figure will denote the eternity of constancy; my material purity of affection.

When I link together fools, then, indeed, I confess that I am an odious fetter, that serves but to detain its prisoners in a cruel bondage; nor is it at all wonderful if I am then regarded as the bane of liberty and happiness,—if I am abhorred as an instrument of restraint devised for the misery of the human race. But if there are many who rail against me when they should rather accuse their own folly, there are not a few who do so to conceal their mortification at having scorned or rejected me until it was too late, for, although I am a graceful ornament, when put on ere the meridian of life, if assumed after that period, I am usually found to confer more ridicule than honour on those whom I unite.

ENIGMA IV.

I do not know whether, from the account which I am about to give of myself, the reader will easily find me out; but I can assure him that I am to be found almost every where, especially in the best company, and in the fashionable world. Not that I am positively invited there, for, on the contrary, the utmost possible pains are taken to exclude me; and every manœuvre resorted to in order to expel me. A gal-

lant man, however, would swear that it is impossible that I should ever be met with in the company of ladies, or rather at a tête-à-tête: and yet—excuse the seeming bull, as it is a very melancholy truth—I very often form a third, in a tête-à-tête between a married couple. Then away they rush, scared by my odious presence; and I still follow, for let them go where they will, after the first half hour, I generally overtake them. I am to be met with at the opera, in the park, at concerts, at dinners, and particularly at parties of pleasure, whatever be their denomination. In these I reign supreme; an incontestible proof of which is the exceeding great pains which people take to convince each other that I am not there: for, by a most singular perverseness, no sooner does a company congratulate themselves on my absence, than I immediately make my appearance. Let not what I have said respecting my keeping the best company in the world be construed into a desire to represent myself as an agreeable being, for I have also confessed that I am universally hated and shunned, except by a few ridiculous creatures, who affect to be very intimate with me, thinking thereby to show themselves above the vulgar, whom, strange to say, I seldom condescend to annoy by my visits. Do not, however, my good reader, begin to anathematize me, before you understand a little more of my real character. I own that I am a spectre at whose appearance pleasure sickens and gaiety expires: this is certain—but what then? It is equally certain that to me the world is indebted for all its amusements, and history for half its glories. Balls and battles—cards and scandal—drinking—aye, and love, too—I mean what passes current as such with nine-tenths of the world—all originate with me. So that it must be admitted that I do, at least, some good, to atone for my evil qualities. In devising resources against my attacks, the wits of men are perpetually sharpened. Some take refuge from me—and with, perhaps, the best success of all—in a library; others have frequently knocked me down, not with a heavy folio, but with a newspaper. I am rarely known to attack any person so long as he talks of himself; not a few, therefore, practise this notable expedient,—but then, in revenge, I generally, on such occasions, seize hold of every one else in company. The best and most sovereign remedy against me—bating, however, that it is also the most unpleasant one—is some real misfortune or cala-

mity; for I may describe myself as the child of peace, indolence, wealth, comfort, and leisure: is it not strange, therefore, that, being descended of so goodly a family, I should in myself be so little agreeable? and that I should prove the parent of so much mischief and disorder in the world?—But it is now time for me to terminate this odd and apparently contradictory character of myself, and shall, therefore, only add, that I hope that while you have been listening to me you have not felt me.

NUISANCE EXTRAORDINARY.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—It is some time now since I troubled you or your readers with any thing in the shape of a complaint or a lamentation, but I cannot help calling your attention to a very ancient, though splendid, nuisance of the city of London,—indeed, one of the *greatest* of its kind; and I wonder that, in this age of improvement, it has not been voted a bore, and annihilated long since; or that an especial clause had not been introduced in M. A. Taylor's celebrated Street Act, for the very purpose of meeting the evil. I could go on much longer in this indefinite sort of way; but as I have no wish, nor perhaps the ability, to emulate your elegant writer of Prose Enigmas, I will out with my nuisance extraordinary at once:—it is neither more nor less than my Lord Mayor's State Coach and its half dozen bedizened horses.

If that celebrated old woman, who once boasted of having seen and admired this vehicle on the ninth of November *hundreds of times*, should be a reader of yours, or if your paper is much perused by young gentlemen and ladies of from fifteen to twenty, or by any of my country cousins, they will one and all decide that I am a greater nuisance than this painted and gilt piece of lumber. I was led to these reflections from happening to fall in with this *structure*, in one of its peregrinations, on Friday, the twentieth of February, on my return from a meeting at the City of London Tavern, which had been called to consider of a plan for the gradual improvement of the metropolis; which circumstance perhaps led me to regard this *magnum bonum* of a coach as one of the first things that the commissioners, if appointed, should take up, to put down. The worshipful the mayor had just been set down at the Mansion House, and it appeared that the managers of this thing wanted to go back by the

Poultry and the Old Jewry, to put up their steeds, &c. to do which, as it is not the most turnable concern in the world, they were obliged to come all round the Bank Buildings, at their usual funereal pace; thus making a gorgeous display, stopping all the coaches and carts going that way, and collecting, as usual, a large mob in the street, amongst which the pickpockets were not idle. In the Poultry, that delectably narrow street, one of the nags took it into his head, or rather into his heels, to *fall a kicking*, as one of the old school would call it—to the infinite peril of the old dowagers and young maidens who were passing that way; even Mr. Coachee did not look as if he liked it at all, and Master Postilion was obliged to dismount, to aid and assist in quelling the turbulent and uproarious spirit of the contumacious horse, who was compared, by one bystander, to that obsolete personage, my Lord Mayor's Fool; while another, wittily as he thought, said, he was *better fed than taught*. I gleaned many wise sayings of this sort, for I could not get along before the whole had passed down the Old Jewry, when I was glad enough to proceed on my way quietly. I might give you a return of splashed, robbed, and frightened out of their wits, on even this trifling occasion,—what must it be then on greater ones?

But, to speak seriously, this sort of unwieldy pageantry, hobbling, like a gouty alderman on crutches, through the crowded and busy streets of such a city as London, is, as Mr. Tom Moore has it, 'Quite too much.' It impedes commerce; encourages pickpockets; leads idle gadabout men, women, and children, from their lawful occupations; endangers the lives and limbs of his Majesty's and the Lord Mayor's liege subjects (more especially when kicking horses are employed); and ought, by all means, to be chopped up, sold for fire-wood, and the proceeds handed over to any committee that may be appointed for the improvement of the metropolis.

As every lord mayor is expected to ride, and as each in his turn starts a handsome new private carriage, with his own and the city arms beautifully emblazoned thereon; and which, though frequently no other than what is called a job, is really a sort of carriage well worth looking at; and as, moreover, his lordship may be comfortably whisked along in this by a pair of horses, at about ten times the pace he can in the other with half a dozen; I do think that it should be used on all occasions, and, if two horses are not enough, let

him have four. But I shall be told, I suppose, that the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London should keep up his *state*: really, at this time of day, the notion of keeping up such kind of state in the dirty streets of the metropolis is, to quote a learned and ancient author, but whose name I forget—'Al l my eye and Betty Martin.' I am, &c.

CROCKERY, JUN.

Biography.

JAMES GANDON, Esq.

THIS gentleman, who died recently at Canonbrook, near Lucan, in Ireland, at the age of eighty-two, contributed more than any other individual architect to the embellishment of the metropolis of the sister island; for it is to his professional skill and taste, that Dublin is indebted for those truly splendid structures, the Custom House, the Four Courts, the King's Inns, and the Portico to the Bank, (originally the Parliament House). All these are eminently distinguished by grandeur of proportions, richness of embellishment, and a certain characteristic and picturesque physiognomy. With much originality and striking effect, there is a classical correctness in the details and execution derived from the eminent artist* in whose school Mr. Gandon studied. Few architects, indeed, have been more fortunate in the opportunities presented to him for the display of his ability, all the works which we have just enumerated being of the first-rate importance and magnitude. The magnificent Custom House, one of the most noble public works in Europe, and certainly the proudest ornament of the banks of the Liffey, will be a lasting monument to him. In its grandeur and imposing *coup d'œil*, this extensive pile has but few rivals; nor would it be easy to point out another edifice of equal magnitude, possessing more merits with fewer faults. The Four Courts must be acknowledged to be a design of peculiar felicity, as to the distribution and arrangement of its plan: in this respect it possesses a unity and simplicity that render it an admirable model for all structures destined to a similar purpose.

Mr. Gandon was likewise the architect of the elegant County Hall at Nottingham, and the Court House at Waterford. He also published, in conjunction with Mr. Woolfe, a supplement to the Vitruvius Britannicus, in two volumes folio, which is far more

* Sir W. Chambers.

interesting than the original work. This truly admirable architect, whose private character, we are happy to add, was no less meritorious than his professional one, was interred in the private chapel at Drumcondra, where he remains repose in the same vault with those of his learned and early-attached friend, Francis Grose.

Original Poetry.

MARCH.

To thee I owe a round of years,
Thou month of winds! and duty rears.
A temple in my heart, that breathes
Pulses of joy, in crimson wreaths.
In thee my little spring of life
Began:—it ripples without strife;
Its banks are Peace and Love;—its tone
Is humble song—MARCH-ing alone.
The lover sings of APRIL's showers,
And dreams of MAY's entrancing bowers;
The reaper smiles in AUGUST's heat,
And gleans the falling ears of wheat;
DECEMBER, JANUS links and twines
In wisdom's serpent folding lines;
But, sure, the raw recruit, like starch,
Commences his career at MARCH?
The second month is sacred held
To birds and letter-scribes: impell'd,
The postman groans beneath his load,
Grinding the rough and miry road.
JUNE throws the fields and trees in hues
On which the stars in glory muse;
But though Sol's heat the soldier parch,
He must submit to war and MARCH!
JULY decoys the rosy girls
To twist their hay-ropes like their curls;
SEPTEMBER drives the fading leaves
In air, like sighs in bosom's heaves;
OCTOBER gives sweetwort and cold,
With blossoms without scent, like gold;
The prisoner leaves the dungeon's arch,
And free, from foes, continues MARCH!
The servant does her mistress wrong:—
'March!—thou art sluttish, and thy tongue
Goes beyond durance—quit thy place—
Here are thy wages!'—Shopmen race,
By counter-MARCH, in dwellings live,
They take the counter change they give:
Time steals a MARCH on Beauty's cheeks,
And in the theft instruction breaks.
A gloomy scene the earth pervades:
The sun performs his course in shades;
Rains, fogs, and rimes, with noisome breath,
Bring in NOVEMBER, fraught of death:
The ground is vaporous,—trees like wires
Erect their leafless sapless spires.—
Yet how delightful! oak, ash, larch,
And thousands, hope-like, bud in MARCH!
J. R. P.

EPISTLE FROM A FRENCH TO AN ENGLISH LADY.

Oui, oui, ma très chère, it is all very nice,
To hear you draw shades betwixt virtue and
vice,—
On the sex of your island exhaust every praise,
And paint them as chaste as a puppet in stays.
Say, were it not better, you'd think ere you
prate,
Leave others to judge of your qualities great;
And not with your chit-chat so modestly dance,
Nor rail at the virtue of females in France!

You say virt
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Compan

You say virtue only in England is found
(Tis modest at least your own praises to sound):
Your dress at a ball its existence denotes,
And, too, tho' so handy, your *short petticoats*.
But please to inform me, does virtue consist
To sit like a doll at a party of whist?
Or cold as a statue to gaze on the beaux,
And, when they address you, to screw up your
nose?
But say, above all—since it strange seems to
me—
D'ye think ye're more virtuous because ye drink
tea?*

This beverage quenches and cools, to be sure,—
I hope you don't drink it, *ma chère*, as a cure.
Smooth waters run deep—this saying is true;
I think I may take an example from you—
(I mean from your island): you sit and you gaze,
And not e'en a smile an emotion betrays;
But, shut in your chamber, your fancy takes
flight,
And pictures the beaux who have figured to-
night,—
Perhaps, too, dwells on the visions of bliss,
And dares to avow there are charms in a kiss!

Now pray, my dear Mary, do pray take a
glance
At the ease 'debonair' of the ladies in France.
Observe with what grace they preside at a ball,
Now skipping along, and now ogling with all;
Arm in arm with a friend, like a zephyr they
glide,—
(You English can't walk—O, bon Dieu! how
you stride!)

And though now and then in soft whisper we
chat,
There surely is nothing immodest in that:
We make but remarks on the charms of each
pair;

I note the young men, and he handles the fair.
'Tis true, that by times, a sweet word of 'dou-
ceur'
May flow from his lips, and keep thrilling my
cœur;

But must I be angry because he is kind,
And pays me the homage I still wish to find!
Say, must I regret that the force of my wit—
That, as you know well, I unthinkingly emit—
My cheeks' dimpling smiles, or my eyes' spark-
ling fire,

Should fly to his heart, and give edge to desire?
O! how could you think I so witless should be,
To quench such a glow in a cup of green tea!

Within my own house, where I sit at the
board,

I am friendly to all, and by all am ador'd:
As a proof of this tale, when any depart,†
How red is each eye, and how heavy each heart:
Convulsed with their tears, they can scarce sob
adieu,

While moisten'd I stand like a lily with dew!
Not long is it since when, engaged in a game—
You will recollect it, I forget it by name,—
Our Indian companion‡ by me was compelled,
The pledge to redeem in my soft lap I held;

* This observation was made in Paris by a
young French female in the presence of sev-
eral English of both sexes. The effect was pro-
digious: a burst of laughter followed, and the
lady's irritation was not a little increased by
the derision that succeeded, of which she was
the object.

† I presume the lady keeps a boarding-house.
Printer's Devil.

‡ A gentleman in the Honourable East India
Company's service.

And though you did frown when I issued his
doom—

To kiss every fair, one by one, in the room,—
When it came to your turn, you stood like a
wall,

And, strange contradiction, you gave mouth
and all.

He thought to enjoy the same kindness from me;
But no, he was wrong;—though I never drink
tea,

I deem'd it enough if I offer'd my cheek:
He forced to my lips, but I utter'd a squeak;
And thus I addressed him,—*Mon Anglois*,
there is

A difference of life between London and Paris;
And if on your island your females are pleas'd
To be handled so roughly, so pull'd, and so
squeez'd,

Confine it to them, but (and here what a glance)
Learn better manners while living in France.

I'd much rather give you of kisses your fill,
Than have you thus sadly disorder my frill:
If each beau, *ma foi*, was so boisterously strong,
I'd have naught else to do but to dress the day
long;—

So, Monsieur, take care not again to be rough.
I must finish, *ma chère*—for the present enough:
In the course of this month, if nothing to do,
This essay on virtue perhaps I'll renew;
And then will enlarge on your customs and
laws,

That add to the purse by a female's faux-pas!
And think then, my Mary, you plainly will see,
That virtue's not solely the essence of tea.

Z. Z.

Fine Arts.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

IT gives us great pleasure to find, that
while Parliament is voting large sums
to the erection of buildings destined
for depositories of the treasures of li-
terature and the arts, the new Society
of British Artists is, without any ex-
traneous aid, proceeding most auspici-
ously. The new Gallery which has
been erected for this institution, in Pall
Mall East, is nearly finished, and no
building could be better calculated for
exhibiting the productions of our living
artists, in the various branches of pain-
ting, sculpture, and architecture: but
while the society has been thus assidu-
ous in procuring a proper receptacle
for works of art, the members have
been no less assiduous in preparing
subjects for the approaching exhibition,
in their gallery. We have not, we con-
fess, access to the cabinet of every
artist, but it is only necessary to men-
tion the names of a few who are en-
gaged in preparing works for the Society
of British Artists, to show that the Gal-
lery must be rich indeed. The follow-
ing gentlemen, whose names and whose
talents are familiar to the public, will be
among the first contributors: Heaphy,
Haydon, Richter, Glover, Hofland, the
Hennings, Nasmyth, Linton, Vincent,

Stark, Martin, Burnet, Stanfield, Meyer,
Ramsay, Lonsdale, the Hargreaves of
Liverpool, Rossi, and Wilson.

All these artists, and several others
of eminence, whose names we cannot
at present recollect, are most actively
engaged in the various branches of their
professions, and the fruits of whose
labours are destined for the first ex-
hibition in the new gallery.

It might be supposed, that a society
established for the avowed purpose of
extending and encouraging the fine
arts, if it did not meet with universal
support, could excite no feelings of
envy or jealousy. This, however, is
not the case. One individual has been
carping at the Society of British Artists,
—and, with jealous leer malign,

Eyed them askance;
manifesting an inclination to thwart the
efforts, and misconstrue the intentions
of the new society. He wishes, for-
sooth, that the hand of power should
crush the infant society, at least, until
the Royal Academy shall be remunerat-
ed for its liberality to the students, and
secured in the possession of privileges
and property—to which he conceives it
entitled, in addition to its present
wealth and importance.

This is certainly the most extraor-
dinary way for an Englishman to look
upon either individual or associate ex-
ertions, which have for their end only
honourable rewards or praiseworthy
labours, we ever heard of. It would
indeed be an act of tyranny, unprece-
dented even in countries where the
glorious light of British freedom is un-
known. The very mention of such a
preposterous system of despotism can
only have for its object, to throw the
'apple of discord' amongst those who
have on every occasion shown a pro-
per desire of proceeding peaceably and
inoffensively, towards an end evidently
justifiable, and even necessary; and
which has, in fact, been talked of,
expected, and wanted, for many years.

That there is a concentration of ta-
lent in the Academy, which can neither
be praised too highly nor rewarded too
liberally, we are quite as willing to al-
low as any person can be, and think the
moderate reward mentioned more than
merited by nearly every member; but
why others should be condemned to
poverty and obscurity, their hopes
crushed in the bud, and the object of
their labour and solicitude frustrated,
it is not possible to divine. Besides,
in the anxiety manifested by the jour-
nalist to whom we allude to prove their
right to more, he has certainly for-

gotten that which they do possess, and taken no account of the various places enjoyed by different members,—the fact that all their personal exertions are paid for, and the certainty they enjoy that actual want can never reach them or those most dear to them. Nor should we forget, also, that if the Academy has been liberal to its students on one hand, so have the students been beneficial to it on the other, as the columns of every catalogue abundantly testify.

This national institution was unquestionably created and endowed not less for the purpose of rewarding efficient talent than to foster that which was immature; which, therefore, has an equal right to all the benefit it confers, as a gift of the country. That the Royal Academy has accumulated money wisely, and expended it liberally, we have not the slightest doubt; but neither can we doubt that the exhibitors out of the Academy (students or otherwise) have been as much a medium for gaining the money in question as the academicians themselves*, since the popularity of their works has been the cause of their election, from time to time, to the honours of the Academy; but, since few could be thus admitted, we cannot thence conclude but that many others might also have deserved admission, and were meritorious and attractive exhibitors.

To say, therefore, that the students of the Royal Academy are guilty of ingratitude—‘that they kick down the stepping stone which raised them,’—is a charge utterly untenable: they have a right to the privileges enjoyed by them, they have contributed to support that which supported them. They have, also, we apprehend, a right to *live*, and to display that knowledge which they have acquired; for, was it not given to that very end? In private life, the apprentice quits his master, the son his father, and commences business on his own account, not from rivalry, but that

* As a proof of this, it can only be necessary to state that, in the last exhibition of the Royal Academy, out of about one thousand one hundred and thirty works that were accepted, *nine hundred and eighty-six* were sent by artists unconnected with the Academy; how these works were exhibited we say not.—It is an old joke to say the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy ought to be suspended. It ought, however, to be admitted that their rooms are so wretchedly adapted for an exhibition, that they can scarcely well accommodate the few pictures which the academicians themselves contribute; the works of other artists must be placed in rank and file as they can fit, and whether we have a landscape at our feet or a miniature at the ceiling, seems to be a matter of no consequence to *messieurs* the gentlemen of the Royal Academy.

necessity which calls upon us all for this species of independence and exertion: Are they therefore to be deemed ungrateful? Certainly not;—it is their duty not less than their privilege to aid themselves by all honest and upright means.

But, in fact, there are not more than three or four members in the new society, who even were thus situated, and every person must be well aware that the Academy is much too great to fear any possible injury from them; but the academicians are not great enough, we trust, to inflict injury upon them, were they malignant enough to desire it, which we are far from apprehending to be the case, and are certain it is not with many members. To relieve them from any portion of the fatigue and responsibility of assorting and hanging the multitude of pictures offered of late years to their consideration, must be an object of gratification, not regret; and to offer a new mart for the sale of pictures, well situated and well lighted, at the time when that excellent institution, the British Gallery, closes its doors, is surely any thing but an injury,—more especially as it cannot be asserted that the Royal Academy is a place of sale even for the works of its own body.

Where, then, can be the harm or the blame which one solitary individual attempts to throw on people who seek to help themselves and others? who are persuaded that there is in the daily increasing prosperity of this country, and the progressive taste it now displays, reason to believe that all may be supported; and so unquestionably they all will, if there are no tares sown amongst them to impoverish the harvest, and in seeking the downfall of some injuring all.

We, however, have no fears of this sort, and shall rather consider the Royal Academy and Society of British Artists as sister institutions than as rivals, and their efforts rather as in emulation of, than in opposition to each other.

The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

KING'S THEATRE.—On Saturday the queen of song, the inimitable Catalani, returned to the King's Theatre, after an absence of ten years, and enraptured an audience which filled every niche of this vast building. It may be said of this lady, beyond all others, that she—

‘Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul:
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
In love dissolves you; now, in sprightly strains,
Breathes a gay rapture thro’ your thrilling breast;

Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad;
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.’

The character of Aristeia, in the comic opera, *Il Fanatico per Musica*, was selected for her first appearance. The opera was originally by the German composer, Meyer, and is one of his best productions; but, on the present occasion, several airs by other composers were grafted on it. On her entrance she was greeted with the most overwhelming cheers, which affected her even to tears; and she scarcely felt full self-possession when she commenced her first recitative, No, no, *pegno piu grato*; but she soon recovered her self-command, and displayed her wondrous science, and the force and sweetness of such a voice as human being perhaps never before possessed, combined with a judgment and a refined taste so peculiarly her own. In the charming allegretto, *Donzelle Innamorate*, the recitative *Ecco degli orialchi*, and the air *Là di Marte in Campo Armato*, she shone with life and spirit. The practising duet with Febeo was most effective, and *De Begnis*, in the latter character, displayed great talent. But the great triumph of Madame Catalani was in the concert scene, in the second act: here it was, that all the force and sweetness of her voice, her transcendent skill, and her expressive features were most displayed; and the audience seemed entranced with delight, or lost in amazement. In the beautiful cavatina and polacca, by Cianchettini, *Sequi a Fidarti*, she was most rapturously encored.

At the conclusion of the opera Madame Catalani was called to appear, when she was led on the stage by Curi- oni, and modestly and gracefully acknowledged the cheers of the audience. The other parts of the opera were well sustained, which is much to say when Catalani shines in—

‘The peerless height of her immortal praise.’

Lent is never the season of theatrical novelty, and the theatres royal have rested on their oars. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* are highly attractive, and draw crowded houses. Mr. Cooper has played Romeo at Covent Garden Theatre very respectably.

Literature and Science.

MR. HENRY PHILLIPS, the able and indefatigable author of the *History of Cultivated Vegetables, Sylva, Florifera, &c.*, has a new work on the eve of publication, entitled *Flora Historica, or the Three Seasons of the British Parterre*, historically and botanically treated; with observa-

tions on Planting, to secure a regular succession of flowers, from the commencement of spring to the end of autumn. To which are added the most approved methods of cultivating Bulbous and other Plants, as practised by the most celebrated florists of England, Holland, and France.

In the press, British Galleries of Art, arranged in one volume, by Charles Westmacott, containing a critical and descriptive catalogue to each collection, with a history of the choicest treasures of the fine arts, ancient and modern, in the possession of his Majesty, and other noble and distinguished persons, including the Dulwich Gallery and British Museum, illustrated with views and portraits.

Idival, a poem in three cantos, with notes, is in the press.

Hydrostatic Press.—A printer's standing press, which has been put up at the office of the North American Review, is thus described in an American paper:—

This press, by an easy process, is capable of giving a pressure of one hundred and fifty tons. The principle on which it operates is similar to that which effects what is called the *Hydrostatic Paradox*, by which a man, by the power of his breath only, blowing into a bellows, through a small pipe, can raise the weight of his body. Water is forced by the pressure of a piston, in a pump, through a small eduction-pipe, into a cylindrical vessel containing a larger piston, which is elevated by a power proportioned to the difference between the square of the diameter of the piston in the forcing-pump, and the square of the diameter of the piston which gives the pressure, multiplied by the power of lever obtained by the pump-handle. This power can be increased to any amount which can be required, with no other difficulty than the insufficiency of the strongest materials to meet the pressure which may thus be obtained. This difficulty, however, may be obviated by safety valves; and, as this power can be ascertained and applied to a fraction of a pound, it is, of course, easily so managed that the machine may give exactly the pressure which may be required.

This machine may be applied to various uses, among which may be numbered packing of goods in a bleachery, compressing cotton, hay, tobacco, linseed oil, cider from pomage, paper-making, &c. &c. We consider it as one of the first inventions of the age, and believe it will supersede all other presses, where a powerful and regular pressure is a desideratum.—This press has been long in use in England.

Music of Light.—Dr. Buchanan, of Kentucky, conceives that he has found some affinity between the different rays of light, as presented in a rainbow, and the notes of music. Following up his theory, real or imaginary, he proposes, with the aid of one thousand dollars, to furnish a concert for the eye; that is, that the eye shall experience the same pleasure by an harmonic rise and fall of the different rays of light, as the ear does by the accord of sweet sounds! Something analogous to

this may have given birth to the fable of Memnon's harp, which was said to have uttered delightful strains of melody when touched by the solar rays.

Monochromatic Lamp.—The ingenious Dr. Brewster has lately invented a lamp, which is likely to prove very valuable in practical science, as well as in several of the arts. After stating (in his *Philosophical Journal*) the result of his experiments on the passage of light through the various portions of the prismatic spectrum, and the extreme difficulty of obtaining distinct vision, owing to the different refrangibility of the several colours, even when regulated in their intensity, by the interposition of different media, the doctor observes, that a homogenous yellow light may be obtained by the combustion of diluted alcohol. The yellow rays appear to be the natural result of an imperfect combustion, or, more accurately, a lower degree of combustibility in the inflammable substance; for strong spirits of wine produced the orange and red rays, while diluted spirit afforded a fine yellow of uniform intensity. Doctor Brewster says, that the production of uniform yellow light from diluted alcohol depends partly on the nature of the wick, and on the rapidity with which the fluid is converted into vapour. A piece of sponge, with a number of projecting points, answered the purpose of a wick better than any other substance; and the extrication of the yellow light is far more copious by placing a common spirit-lamp below the burner of the other. If a permanently strong light is required, it is preferable to dispense entirely with the use of the wick, and to allow the diluted alcohol to descend slowly from the rim of the lamp into the bottom of a concave dish of platinum, kept very hot by a spirit-lamp placed under it. The bottom of the dish is made with a number of projecting eminences, in order that the film of fluid, which rests on it, may be exposed at many points at once to the action of the heated surface. The beautiful effect of this monochromatic lamp, in illuminating microscopic objects, and in various departments of optics, far exceeded the expectations formed by its ingenious inventor. The images of the most minute vegetable structures were precise and distinct, and the vision, in every respect, more perfect than it could have been had all the lenses of the microscope been made completely achromatic by a skilful artist.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	1 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
February 27	34	37	40	29 65	Rn & Snow
..... 28	36	41	36	.. 85	Cloudy.
..... 29	37	41	37	.. 95	Do.
March 1	36	46	33	.. 72	Do.
..... 2	30	34	31	.. 67	Fair.
..... 3	37	40	30	28 96	Stormy.
..... 4	28	38	36	29 93	Fair.

The Bee:

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

French Puns.—'I remember a French loyalist showing me the statue of Bonaparte resting on a triumphal car, in the Place de Caroussel: but, hating the man; he pointed to the figure, and said, with incomparable archness, "Voilà Bonaparte; le Char-à-tendre!" The same man, on my remarking the letter N used as a decoration for the public buildings in Paris, said, "Oui, monsieur; nous avons à présent les N-mis partout."—Sayings and Doings.

Origin of the Log Book.—Coelbren y Beirdd, or the Wood Memorial of the Bards, is what they formerly used to cut their memorandums upon; such as the ancient wooden almanacks were; or Staffordshire Clogg, or Log. Hence originated the log-book, which is used by the sailors. Also, there is a similar thing called a 'tally,' or a piece of wood cut with indentures, or notches, in two corresponding parts; of which one was kept by the creditor and the other by the debtor, as was formerly the common way of keeping all accounts, and is still used by the brewers and milk-sellers. Hence, likewise, is derived the Tally Office (of the Exchequer, in London), and a 'teller,' and probably a 'talisman,' from the Welsh word, *tal*, to pay; or from the French word, *taille*.

Garrick.—The following is the copy of an original letter from Mr. Garrick to the secretary of the customs:—

'Dear Sir,—Not Rachael weeping for her children could show more sorrow than Mrs. Garrick—not weeping for her children—she has none—nor, indeed, for her husband; thanks be to the humour of the times, she can be as philosophical on that subject as her betters.—What does she weep for, then? Shall I dare tell you? It is—it is for the loss of a chintz bed and curtains. The tale is short, and is as follows:—I have taken some pains to oblige the gentlemen of Calcutta, by sending them plays, scenes, and other services in my way; in return, they have sent me Madeira, and poor Rachael the unfortunate chintz. She has had it four years, and, in making some alteration at our little place at Hampton, she intended to show away with her prohibited present. She had prepared paper, chairs, &c., for this favourite token of Indian gratitude. But, alas! all human felicity is frail. No care having been taken on my wife's part, and some treachery being exerted against her, it was seized, the very bed, "by the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains," and thrown among the common lumber. If you have the least pity for a distressed female, any regard for her husband (for he has had a bad time of it), or any wishes that the environs of Bushy Park be made tolerably neat and clean, you may put your finger and thumb to the business, and take the thorn out of Rachael's side.

'I am, dear sir, your's, &c.,
'D. GARRICK.'

The Lacedemonians were no friends to the doctors. One of them, who had attained a very advanced age, was asked what made him live so long. 'Only because I am ignorant of physic,' was the reply.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

A CRITIQUE on the British Gallery, the communication from M., and Stanzas by the author of Tears for Pity, in our next.

We have been much pleased with P.'s song for the Jockey Society, but it would be out of course to adopt an article so purely local.

We have been so much occupied with Mr. Theodore Hook's credulity in his tale of Martha the Gipsy, that we could not venture on W. D.'s thoughts on the subject, but shall say Yes or No in our next.

We are much obliged by the polite offer of the ardent and amiable defender of the Rev. Edward Irving, but, as we have already heard both sides of the question, we wish to leave his merits to the estimation of our readers—at least, for the present.

Works published since our last notice.—Cambridge Classical Examination, 8vo. 4s. II Pastore Incantato, 8vo. 7s. 6d. Things in General, 12mo. 7s. 6d. Locke's Works, 9 vols. 34. 12s. 6d. Thoughts on Prison Labour, 8vo. 9s. Westall's Views on the Thames, imperial 4to. 35 plates. 34. 3s. Swiss Costume, 24 plates, 8s. Skelton's Illustrations of the Antiquities of Oxford, No. 1, royal 4to. 10s. 6d. Penrose on Miracles, 12mo. 2s. 6d. Hibbert on the Philosophy of Apparitions, 8vo. 10s. 6d. Mackenzie's Works, by Galt, 5s. 6d. Pindar's Odes, in Prose, 2 vols. 8vo. 14. 1s. Epitome of Paley's Evidences, 12mo. 3s. Corbould's Illustrations of the Abbot, 12mo. 4s. 6d. Keelins's Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland, 12mo. 7s. Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, Part I. 8vo. 15s. Selwyn's Law of Nisi Prius, new edition, 2 vols. royal 8vo. 24. 16s. Galt's Bachelor's Wife, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. Robinson's Dictionary of Latin Phrases, new edition, 8vo.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THIS SOCIETY being finally established, and the Extensive Gallery, situated in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, being nearly completed, Works of Art, in the various departments of Painting (in Oil and Water Colours), Sculpture, Architecture, and Engraving, intended for the ensuing Exhibition, will be received at the back entrance, in Dorset Place, on Monday, the 29th, and Tuesday, the 30th of March inst.

A written account and reference, addressed to the Secretary, must accompany the Performances sent, with their Prices, if for sale, and the Artist's name and residence. No Work of Art (except Enamels and Miniatures), which has been previously exhibited, can be admitted, unless by special order.

Persons desirous of seeing the Gallery may obtain tickets for that purpose, by applying to Mr. Heaphy, St. John's Wood Road; Mr. Holland, 23, Newman Street; Mr. Glover, 61, Montagu Square; or to Mr. Linton, the Secretary, 19, Blenheim Street, Great Marlborough Street.

This day is published, in 1 vol. 12mo. price 7s. 6d. bds.

AUREUS; or, the LIFE and OPINIONS of a SOVEREIGN. Written by Himself.

'Præcipui sunt, sitque illis aurea barba.'

London: printed for G. Wightman, 46, Fleet Street.

Of whom may be had,

WILLIAMS'S ABSTRACTS of the ACTS of PARLIAMENT, passed 4 Geo. 4. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Also,

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Published by Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and G. and W. B. Whittaker, London.

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A Few REMARKS on the QUESTION of the Right to Publish the Proceedings on the Coroner's Inquisition; with an Examination of the Case of the King v. Fleet.

By **T. N. ROGERS, Esq. Barrister at Law.**

London: published by J. and W. T. Clarke, Law Booksellers, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn.

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